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In June.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

SWEET will the flowers in the breezes ride,
Soft will be the tune
By the humming bird to the roses sighed,
In Dixie Land in June.

Droning bees with vestments pied,
With the butterflies in the blooms will hide,
And the heavy air of noon
Will rise as a perfume-laden tide,
In Dixie Land in June.

Crickets amid the grass will chide
The daisies wonder open-eyed;
Mellow will be the croon
By the mock-bird lilted to his bride
In Dixie Land in June.

The tender jasmine, that denied
Its perfume till the day had died,
Will blossom 'neath the moon;
And sorrow off in its light will glide
When I am by my lady's side
In Dixie Land in June.

Gloria Resurgentis.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE FIRST GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

Gloriam vidi Resurgentis. Alleluia!

BELOW Mount Olivet the edge of the red sun came up from the desert and touched the house-tiles with dull vermilion. The gray shadows lurked in the narrow streets. In the house of John the Mother waited. She had not slept during the night of Good Friday, but last night weariness brought oblivion for a few hours.

Now she stood near her open window, and the warm light of dawn fell on the strange beauty of her white face, and lit her great, mournful eyes. A sparrow cheeped on the roof above her. The shuffle of a donkey's unshod hoofs passed in the street below. Then went by the heavy tread of a squad of Roman soldiers, and the wail of a trumpet from the Temple on Mount Moriah came faintly through the smouldering air.

"He will rise again,—but when?" she asked as if from the coming sun. Then she heard the fall of a sandal on the floor behind her; she turned—and lo! it was He. He said unto her, "Mother!" She said unto Him, "Son!" She had wept her last bitter tear forever. Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee, blessed art thou amongst women!

THE SECOND GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

Captivam duxit captivitatem.

Above Mount Olivet the spring sky was one lit sapphire, and there was a faint smoke of pale new olive leaves on the orchards along the slopes. The bare hills shimmered in the white sun, and across the narrow valley lay the walls and dazzling turrets of Jerusalem. The brook Kedron glittered and quivered as molten silver, and along the roads rose a thin haze of dust from the feet of the swaying camels.

Mary, the Mother, and the eleven walked up the pathway to the hill-top, and straightway, as if out of the air, came Jesus into the group. They fell upon their knees. His bare feet stood upon a great stone, and the prints of the nails were there, and you could see His mantle through the hole in His right hand as it hung by His side. His face was different from the sad face of old days. It was now infinite peace incarnate. He said: "You shall receive the power of the Holy

Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth.

Then He blessed them, and He looked upward, and a strange new light greatened in his eyes, and He slowly floated up into the air, standing as if still upon the stone. Upward He drifted steadily, and when the sacred face began to grow faint to their sight, suddenly a gleaming white cloud swept about Him, and then there was only the azure bell of the sky above them.

They had arisen from their knees in silent awe, as if to follow Him; even Mary, the Mother, was gazing upward as if in a trance. Suddenly a voice beside them cried: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven?" The Mother and the apostles turned toward the voice, and they saw two men standing upon the stone whence Christ had arisen. One of these angels said: "This Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall He come as you have seen Him going into heaven." Nevertheless, He came sooner in another form—into our altar-tabernacles.

THE THIRD GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

Non turbetur cor vestrum.

In the upper chamber were Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and the disciples. The Holy Ghost was not yet come, but Peter, in acknowledged primacy, had already presided at the election of Matthias to fill the place of the self-murdered traitor, Judas of Kerioth. The large room was crowded with heavy-faced peasantry, quaking with dread at every noise that came from the street, loyal only because the miracles of Christ haunted them like a conscience. These men and women, with the exception of Mary and two or three others, were, envious, cowardly, hopelessly stupid. A sudden panic would have turned them into cruel brutes.

Suddenly the roar of a hurricane shook the house; the peasants cowered in wide-eyed terror; flames flashed through the room and fell upon the foreheads of the crouching throng—and this offscouring of the people rose up gods.

THE FOURTH GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

Mors illi ultra non dominabitur.

Fifteen years had passed. Mary, the Mother, had finished her work, and she had closed her eyes a little while in sleep. They had laid her in a tomb down in the valley near the brook Kedron.

Above Mount Olivet the edge of the dawning sun came up from the desert, and the shadows about her tomb kindled like coals and burned away. In the thin gray mist of morning at the door of the tomb stood Jesus Christ the King. Beside Him were the Foster-Father, and near them were Eve and David. Countless millions of archangels and angels and all the men and women that had been saved by the Blood, rose tier on tier innumerable up beyond the circling stars. Then Christ went to the door of the tomb and cried: "Mother, arise!" And she came out like the dawn, and like the light of love that arises in God's eyes, and His arms went about her. *Ave, Regina Cælorum!*

Upward they rose together, Jesus with Mary, Mother and Son together again while God is God! Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women!

THE FIFTH GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

Concupivit rex speciem tuam. Alleluia!

Up beyond the rolling worlds, through the gates that are of pearl, they are gone. Michael and his squadrons, marching in ten thousand white waves that stretch gleaming from sun to sun, sweep up toward the central light. Into this light with Christ, beyond the sight of even the noblest archangel, passes the Queen, and there is she crowned by the most sacred Trinity (to Whom be honor and glory forever!), and she issues toward us again as like God as God Himself can make her, and the angels and saints of all the heavens shout: "Hail, Mary, full of grace!"

Then up from the earth comes a faint cry from the little Church: "Mother, pray for us!" and she is listening to the cry through the shouts of the angels, listening despite the music of her dear Son's voice, as she will listen till the judgment falls and the gates are closed.

A Changed Name.

He called her all sorts of endearing names
Ere the courtship half was done;
But not until marriage had calmed love's flames,
Did he call her his sweet won.

C. M. B. B.

Tim Brady's Fairies.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

Timothy Brady was an Irishman of the old school, or rather of the "hedge" school, and would often proudly revert to the times when he acquired his "lurnin'" on the sunny side of a lonely ditch or in the shelter of a desolated abbey. But his greatest delight was to sit on the "hob" smoking a little short, clay pipe and relating to a spell-bound audience the doings of the "good people." He firmly believed in the existence of these mischievous sprites, never retired without leaving a fresh pail of water beside the hearth and a big pot of colcanon at the neighboring rath every Hallow eve.

He had a friend, one Roger Kelly, who lived in the next parish, but they met on market days at Enniskillen, and Tim often accompanied Roger home to spend a social evening. Kelly was known throughout Fermanagh as a big, good-humored, fearless fellow. It follows that he had little respect for the fairies, and his friend Timothy was often exasperated at finding a thrilling story interrupted by a hearty laugh.

The last market day of September found these two at Enniskillen, and on their return, as usual, Brady tarried awhile with Kelly. They sat on a bench outside the cottage smoking and talking over the incidents of the day, while the sun sank behind the green hills and the shadows stole from their hiding-places covering the land. Soon Tim arose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, saying, by way of excuse: "I must be goin', for I've a long and lonely road before me."

"Sure wait, man, 'an ye'll have the stars for company," protested Kelly.

"Yes, Roger, mebbe more company than I want. 'Twas this day twelvemonth that Mickey Dorney died, an' he had a grudge agin' me since we thraded pigs at the fair o' Dungannon. Besides I must pass the 'forth.'"

"Sorra a bit Mickey cares for a grunter now," argued Roger. "An' as for the 'forth,' I wonder such a sinsible person as yerself 'ud bother his head about such things. I've thravelled at all times an' in all places an' never met anything worse thin meself."

Then followed the most passionate dispute that the two friends ever had. Tim became so engrossed in it that night had completely fallen before he mounted his faithful horse, Charlie,

and started homeward with his mind so filled with tales of witches, ghankeinas and curlicunes that the appearance of a whole army of "good people" would scarcely have surprised him.

The waning moon rose and threw its mellow light across the undulating hills, peeped over upon Lough Erne and spanned it with a silvery causeway. It shone on a devastated castle and brought out strange shadows, silent, suggestive of movement. Brady's heart beat faster as he passed the ruins and could see the shrubbery on the "forth" ahead. He wanted to light his pipe, but searched in vain for his tobacco. He was very near to the fairies' stronghold now. Just in front was the stone where a red-headed woman was standing that morning, but there was something unfamiliar about the place. Was he dreaming? Tim looked sharply about him and almost tumbled from his saddle. There on either side of the road, their white caps and plumes shimmering in the moonlight, stood a host of little men waiting for him to approach, and, doubtless, planning a mischievous frolic with the trespasser. He turned old Charlie about, but the horse must have been bewitched, and it was only by repeated urging that he could be made to move. Brady looked over his shoulder and could see the elves still standing there, evidently believing that the animal would bring him back. Therefore he dismounted and led the unwilling beast all the way back to Kelly's. This worthy was awakened from a sound sleep by the uproar of Tim, who was excitedly vociferating something to the following purport:

"So Roger Kelly is too smart to believe in fairies! Faith, he should go down to Maynard's 'forth' tonight, where they're all out dancin' an' singin', an' some of 'em kim away in that hurry that they didn't change their shrouds for dacent clothes."

When he had somewhat relieved his pent-up feelings Tim was able to make Kelly understand that there was an immense throng of fairies gathered near Maynard's rath; that they were of all ages and sizes, and that he recognized many of them as deceased acquaintances, foremost among whom was Mickey Dorney. His earnestness and taunting invitations to come and be convinced finally provoked the apathetic Roger to saddle a horse and ride away with Tim, whom he half believed to be deranged. As soon as Charlie was faced homeward, that erstwhile intractable steed meekly jogged along the well-remembered road, past lough and

glen and castle, and, shambled down the hill to the fairies' playground.

There was little conversation on the way. Kelly was already ashamed of his folly in going fairy-hunting when he might be asleep and dreaming of little fellows with red caps and green jackets who would bring him to a pot of gold, or give him three wishes. Tim, judging by his frequent chuckles, was anticipating his triumph over Roger. How astonished that sceptic would be when he'd see the frolicsome "good people," their attire so delicate that it seemed fashioned of moonbeams and their movements sprightly as ripples dancing over the Foyle! What a hero he would be! Not a wake or merry-making in Fermanagh would be complete without Timothy. They were very close to the place now. Tim broke the silence with an excited whisper:

"See! there's some of 'em standin' by the big tree there just as whin I left. Och! what's that noise?"

"'Twas a hedge ball that dropt," said Roger, but it was a keen-eyed old curlicune warning the elves to disperse, and when our inquisitive friends came closer to the tree they found the ground covered with—mushrooms.

Recollections.

PATRICK E. REARDON, '97.

There is nothing more pleasing than sweet memories of happy days. We delight in going back to the places of youth and in retracing in our memory the scenes of childhood. These grow misty; we must strive onward towards our end, never looking to the past, but always working for the future. Time moves on, and every moment carries us farther from the scenes and pleasures which surrounded us in our youth. Youth passes away and we find no time for pleasures. We have a great fact before us and with it we must contend. We have no time for trifles; for we must live and deal with life, which is far from being trivial. The little stream we enjoyed in our younger days is scarcely thought of, and the fields wherein we gathered flowers with joy have vanished from our minds.

Spring comes, and sleeping nature awakens to decorate herself in beautiful raiment. Trees send forth their buds, and we long for the fruits which will follow. Sunshine comes and touches the narrow blades of grass, but we do not take the old pleasure in them. The sun leaves his

bright tints on the western sky, and we are sorry that he has passed away so sadly. There is no beauty for us in nature unless it can be turned into worldly gain, which passes and is forgotten. Life is short, and we wish to enjoy it while it lasts; but we do not seek peace in the right path. Enjoyment for us is wealth, and after wealth comes sickness and the grave. If we live to be old, we become so forgetful of the beauties of nature that we can do nothing better than sometimes to recall the scenes and pleasures of our youth, and dream away free hours, thinking of the days when everything gave us enjoyment. I take great pleasure in recalling spring memories, and frequently I wander back to the days when everything (excepting snakes!) gave me pleasure. I now dream of the little stream whose course I used to follow and in whose waters I delighted to bathe.

There is a small brook which flows through meadows and woods, winding between rich banks until it finally reaches the Hudson, where its sparkling waters are mingled with salt and changed to a light gray. Along this stream I passed my youth. I see its waters splashing over moss-grown rocks, now spreading out to touch the flowers which grew, and I trust still grow, near its banks, now calmly flowing between high bluffs and richly-clad hills, and now spreading into a large dam, and then thundering over a fall until its waters are lost in the great river. In youth it was my greatest pleasure to follow the course of this stream and to chase the minnows that darted about like shadows in the clear water. Along its banks, I met the startling pleasure of the first April violet, and frequently did I climb the hills in quest of a hidden nest. Everything was rose-colored, and my only pleasure was to roam through woods and meadows or along the banks of the brook. I have traced its course for miles, and in the evening have returned home weary from my day's travel. The dining table never lacked a bouquet from cool, mossy banks, and on my mother's dark hair often glittered the crimson petals of the sweet-briar.

One afternoon in August, being very young, I threw my shoes across my shoulders and started up the stream with the intention of discovering its source. I hurried along admiring everything and stopping to look at nothing. My aim was to find the source of the brook, and, like all young folk, I rushed headlong towards that end. I had been travelling for about two hours

when I came upon a very beautiful spot where I decided to rest.

Such a place I had never seen before. The look of it gave me a sad feeling at first, but the flowers and the singing of the birds detained me until my fear passed away, and I threw myself on the soft grass. On my left were gently sloping hills, covered with cedars and green fields, and here and there large, moss-covered rocks. On my right, extending out for a mile or more, was a fertile plain covered with innumerable wild flowers. Everything was silent except the murmuring of the brook and the fluting of some birds, which came so near me that I feared them. They hovered about me and seemed to be delighted with my presence. The robins ran by on the soft grass and chirped forth their sweet notes; and the hated cat-bird screamed in the tree above. The little brook mingled its music with their song; and I sat there lost in wonder at the scene, my eyes and ears filled with pleasure of the sights and sounds.

Seated by the side of the brook and plucking the flowers that grew at my feet, my imagination began to work wonders in the picturesque valley. A beautiful castle was built on the distant hill; the little brook was changed to a lake, with boats floating on its surface; the woods near by were full of nests, and each nest had its eggs; and so on, until I had turned the whole scene into a beautiful pleasure garden to suit my fancy. I was dreaming away in this manner, not thinking of the time, when suddenly all passed away at the startling, sweet notes of a cornet. I listened attentively and discovered that the music came from over the hill, which was covered with cedars and dotted with mossy rocks. Snatching my shoes, I hastened, in childish glee, up the hill and reached the top breathless and covered with "stickers."

Before me lay a beautiful cemetery and, in the distance, I saw a white coffin borne by six beautiful maidens and followed by a number of men and women. The sad notes of a hymn broke forth, and the coffin was lowered. I drew near and stood pitying those that were crying, and wondering what it was all about, when, to my surprise and delight, I saw my mother coming toward me. With a cheerful shout I hastened to meet her; but wondered why she was not glad to see me. Instead of embracing me, as was her wont, she led me to the new grave, where we said a prayer and where I left the flowers I had gathered for my mother.

Resurrexit.

She stood where the shadow of her Dead fell across the black rocks. Her upturned face was whiter than lilies that blow on the hillside of Nazareth. From the rough iron spikes that held Him to the cross came the drip, drip, drip, of blood. Motionless and silent she watched them draw the wet nails through flesh and by bone; but she trembled at the remembrance of the swift, dull blows that nailed Him to the gibbet. The ninth hour had passed. They took Him down, and to the great lover Magdalene came the memory of forgiveness and love. The ragged wounds were touched with wine; the whitest linen clothed the silent form, and down in a chiselled rock they laid Him, the hollow of whose hand could hold eternity.

The long, toilsome nights crept by. The last hours were near wherein her Love would come again. The storm had ceased; the rain was over and gone, while low in the west, a rounded silver shield, hung the Paschal moon. The soft moan of night winds brushed the chamber walls and found no echo. The watcher in the gloom was eager for the coming day.

The valley flushed with grayish light; a timid glow shot through the mist of rounding buds that filled the garden walk. The shadows were creeping westward, and the night dew glistened on pointed blades of grass. Three lances stood against the rock, and down along the useless steel a faint light slowly ran. The blackness of the night was over. In the silence of the hour the earth trembled, and from Heaven, with the rush of a shaken star, an angel sped. His face was brighter than lightning and his garment white as snow. The great stone was shattered at his touch, and from the broken spears three lilies sprang. From out the lifting shadows came the silent band of women, and the great lover Magdalene was before them. The scent of spice was on the morning air, but He whom she sought was nowhere to be found. "He is risen," the angel said. She turned away; and lo! the gates of Heaven were opened; the Easter sun slipped through, flooding the garden with a surging tide of spilt gold, and from the midst of bursting buds upsprang our Faith, our Hope, our dear Love. The heart of the wan girl stood still in keen ecstasy; she heard the voice of her Crucified,—she knew her love had not been vain.

T. B. R.

Varsity Verse.

A CHARADE FROM SCHILLER.

UPON a pasture-land widespreading,
Roam many thousand snow-white sheep;
And as today we see them wander
So saw them Adam from his sleep.

They drink at life's unfailing fountain,
By age their bloom is ne'er outworn;
They are entrusted to a shepherd
With crescent-shapéd silver horn.

He leads the sheep through golden gateways,
And counts them over every night;
Though oft he drove them out to pasture,
None e'er escaped his wakeful sight.

A faithful dog helps him to guide them;
A watchful wether leads the train.
Can you point out for me their pasture,
And where the shepherd holds his reign?
(Answer: the starry heaven.)

M. J. O.

TWO SONGS FROM HEINE.

I.

(Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai.)

In the fair and wondrous Maytide
All the buds were breaking;
In my heart love's yearnings
Were with Spring awaking.

In the fair and wondrous Maytide
When the birds were singing,
Sang my soul its love-thoughts,
Fond hopes to her bringing.

W. J. M.

II.

(Hörz, mein Hörz, sei nicht bestommen.)

Why, my heart, so full of sorrow?
Bear thy fate, and bide thy time,—
Spring atones for winter's crime,
Gladness will be thine tomorrow.

Think of all the joy that's left thee,
Still the world is rife with beauty,
Still mayst thou fulfil thy duty,—
Thy gift, to love, is not bereft thee.

J. J. D.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Summer girl in gown of red,
City youth in costume white,
Sky of deepest blue o'erhead,
Bull in background full of fight,—

Red of maiden, white of lad,
Blue of heaven up above,—
Now if stars could but be had
To make complete the flag we love!

Bull comes prancing into view,
Maid and lad he rudely jars;
Red and white go toward the blue,—
Bull supplies the stars.

F. W. O'M.

American Black-and-White.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY, '99.

The American school of art, so far as painting is concerned, is still in its inception. Colorists are developed best amid scenes of peace and quiet, where summer days are almost endless, and harvest moons need no arc-lights to assist them. We are too nervous, too eager to grasp and hold fleet Fortune, too anxious to catch the next train, to devote any time to sunsets or after-glows. Many of our portrait, landscape and *genre* painters are admirable draughtsmen, but their colorings are merely experiments—"schemes" in violets and yellows, for example, or "symphonies" in various shades of the same color. When compared with the creations of a colorist like Turner the works of our American painters are sadly lacking in that force and vitality which pervade the Englishman's pictures. Some day, when this confused mass of peoples will have become more settled, we shall have a school of purely American colorists; but unfortunately that day is a long way off.

Through two very prosaic American traits, however,—invention and the greed for gold—there has been developed a branch of art, the American followers of which are superior to those of any other country. I speak of the work of our book and magazine illustrators. Photography has aided these men so much in the reproduction of their drawings, and publishers pay them so well, that, today, illustrating is an honored profession that has followers innumerable. One of the leading pen-and-ink artists of New York is said to receive a yearly income of thirty thousand dollars from the sale of his drawings. This, of course, is an exceptional case, but it goes far toward proving that the popular notion, which is that an artist is a half-starved person who works in a garret, is erroneous, at least so far as illustrators are concerned.

It is almost impossible to compare, with any degree of fairness, the work of our leading black-and-white men. Turn over the leaves of any of our illustrated magazines and this becomes evident at once. The frontispiece is probably a bit of colonial life painted in oil by Mr. Howard Pyle. A few pages further on we meet the spirited pen-and-ink drawings of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, and in the very next

article a group of Mr. Kemble's perfect negroes. Thus it is all through the magazine: each illustrator chooses a particular phase of American life to depict, and each uses a favorite medium, either pen-and-ink, gouache, wash or oil.

All things considered, however, Mr. Frederic Remington is the most thoroughly original and the most thoroughly American of our artists. His style is so unique, and he guards it so jealously that it was not until very lately he would consent even to visit Europe through fear of weakening it. Remington was the first to observe the true movements of horses. Before his work appeared, painters and illustrators the world over were drawing impossible animals with all four legs stretched parallel to the ground and with tail flying in the wind after the "Sheridan's-Ride" pattern. Even Meissonier, who was truth itself, fell into this error. A whole wall of Meissoniers, however, does not contain so much dash and movement as a single one of Remington's shaggy bronchoes, with its legs doubled under it like the blades of a clasp-knife. Remington did not get his knowledge of Western life from a car-window. Before he began illustrating in New York he had "roughed it" on the Western plains for nearly two years. Even now he rides a horse with all the natural grace and skill of a cowboy. About a year ago he entered the field of sculpture; and his first work in modelling—"The Broncho Buster"—is as well composed and as full of movement as any of his drawings.

Mr. Charles Stanley Reinhart, who died last August, also did much excellent book and magazine illustrating. Unlike most of his brother artists he confined himself to no particular section of America, but depicted equally well the "heavy swell" of club life and the mountaineer of Tennessee, giving each his local characteristics. Reinhart not only worked hard with his brush during his short life, but he also devoted a great deal of time to the mechanical side of his art, and much of the present-day success in the reproduction of drawings has been effected by him.

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is the most popular illustrator living, although by no means the best, artistically considered. There are several reasons for the widespread interest in Gibson's pen-sketches: his admirable originality of treatment, his bold contrasts, and above all his sweet-faced girls and handsome men, make his work more sought after, and consequently better paid, than that of any other of our artists. Gibson's "American girl"

is thoroughly alive, thoroughly healthy, thoroughly American. Du Maurier could give us a lady or a gentleman; but the fashionable gown or the ribbon across the shirt bosom was often necessary to raise them above the ordinary. Gibson's creations, however, whether in ball dress or *negligée*, have always the quality, distinction. They are the kind of persons one would like to know—not merely ladies and gentlemen, as the terms are commonly accepted, but *men* and *women* as well.

Like Gibson, Mr. Albert B. Wenzell deals almost entirely with fashionable society; but in style he is altogether different, both in the delineation of his figures and in the medium he uses. Wenzell's work is all done in gouache,—black and white water-color,—a medium which he uses with great skill. His women are of a beautiful, Jewess type, and are preferred by many to the "Gibson girl." Then there is Mr. William T. Smedley, who is one of our best water-colorists as well as one of our leading illustrators; Mr. Frederick S. Church, that admirable portrayer of animal life; Mr. Thure de Thurlstrup, a native of Sweden, but a purely American artist, nevertheless; Mr. Howard Pyle, who shows us the quaint scenes and costumes of colonial days so well; Mr. E. W. Kemble and Mr. A. B. Frost, who are seen at their best when dealing with negro character, and a great many lesser lights who are daily reaping the reward of hard work—improvement. Besides these there is a number of American artists with higher aims, who used black-and-white merely as a "pot-boiler" while they were studying color. Many of them are now painters, but they will always be known best as illustrators. Mr. Elihu Vedder is an example of this class. He is now one of our foremost decorative painters, but it is as the illustrator of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam that he will always be remembered.

It is on these black-and-white men that Americans base their hopes to a great degree for the future of American art. Our painters, unfortunately, seem to have the notion that there is nothing worthy of their brushes on this side of the Atlantic; that costume and landscape are to be found only in the Old World. That this is altogether wrong, our illustrators are proving every day; for a glance through any of the illustrated magazines shows us that we have the picturesque on every side—amid the busy whir of lower New York, in the rustic simplicity of Vermont, or in the sublime grandeur of the mountains.

Why the Jockey Disobeyed.

BY MAYES G. WIGG, 1900.

The third race was just over. The huge crowd in the grand-stand settled down, and the low buzz of conversation again burst forth; everyone seemed in a gay humor. The brilliant costumes of the women gave life and color to the animated scene. The grounds about the grand-stand were black with men hurrying here and there, talking excitedly as they went. Above all the din was heard the dull roar of the betting-ring. But it was a good-natured assemblage, and they were waiting expectantly for the next race, the great Diamond Handicap.

Over in the stables a different scene was taking place. The owner of one of the horses in the coming race was giving his last instructions to the diminutive jockey at his side.

"Don't let her win, Pete, under any consideration," the man was saying. "It means thousands to me, and if you do the trick well you get five hundred dollars down."

At heart Pete did not like such contracts, but as it was his bread and butter he said nothing, but turned to his mount, Queenie, who stood at his side. She was a beautiful creature, graceful, with powerful shoulders. Pete stroked her glossy neck, and as he looked into her large eyes he felt thoroughly ashamed of what he was going to do. Suddenly the signal was given. Pete swung into the saddle and got his mount in line with the other horses. There were six in the race besides himself. Pete had neither whip nor spurs; *he didn't need them.*

After a few false breaks, they were sent away to a beautiful start. A mighty roar came from the grand-stand, and Pete heard the words "They're off!" Pete lay back about third, keeping his mount well in hand. As they swept around past the grand-stand, amidst the cheers of the crowd, it was all Pete could do to hold Queenie in. Would he foil the efforts of the beautiful creature that was doing her best to win? Would he betray such noble confidence? The boy's innate love of fair sport asserted itself, and with a yell of triumph he rode his best. Queenie answered his efforts and soon moved up to second place. When they turned into the stretch Queenie was leading the field by a full length. Pete rose in his saddle and prepared for a "grand-stand" finish. The people yelled like madmen. "Queenie wins, Queenie wins!" they cried. And she won by two lengths.

Books and Magazines.

SHAKSPERE'S *MACBETH*, with Notes and Introduction by John Matthews Manly, Ph. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Students of Shakspeare are indebted, in great measure, to the editor and publishers of this new edition of Shakspeare's great tragedy for the masterful manner in which the work is arranged and for the neatness with which it has been issued. The introduction, which treats of the play from almost every point of view, is a scholarly production, and reflects credit on its author for the elaborate research and remarkable clearness shown therein. The suggestions to teachers and the chronological table are of no little interest. The text itself is clear and the notes, which, even for school students, are somewhat too detailed and minute, are of great assistance in forming a correct idea of the play. The Appendix has this peculiar interest, that it contains passages from Holinshed's *Chronicles*, from which Shakspeare drew the material for "*Macbeth*." The passages are printed in the old form in which they existed in the text of the reprint of 1807, and a careful reading of them will show the methods the great dramatist used in building up a play from existing materials. Like the other volumes in the "Longmans' English Classics," this is a handsome specimen of bookmaking, the typography, paper and binding being all that could be desired.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Charles F. Richardson, Ph. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This, the best of Fenimore Cooper's "*Leather Stocking Tales*," is neatly and accurately produced in the now famous "Longmans' English Classic" series, which is under the able editorship of Professor George Rice Carpenter of Columbia University. Historically considered, "*The Last of the Mohicans*" is a very interesting book, and from an artistic view-point it has received no little praise. It treats of scenes that will ever be charming not only to Americans, but to foreigners as well. Under any circumstances this story would be a most enjoyable one for a student; but when clothed in so attractive a form as this is, it can not fail to claim the attention of all lovers of sound American fiction. To the story are prefixed a short account of Cooper as a man and author, suggestions for teachers (for it must be remembered that Longmans' English Classics are pub-

lished for the use of schools) and the author's introduction. The notes, which are placed at the foot of the pages, are not too numerous to be uselessly distracting, but are about as useful as a boy or girl could desire. There is no doubt that the change in the punctuation of the text adds materially to the value of the present edition. We recommend these books, not alone to students in schools, but to others—in college or out of it.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEW TESTAMENT, published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, is all that its name implies. The size, type, paper and illustrations, which are better than one usually sees in books of this kind, make it a charming manual for the daily use of the laity. The Historical and Chronological indexes, the Table of Reference and the Table of Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and principal feasts of the year, give additional value to the book.

—The same firm has recently published a new, revised edition of "How to Make the Mission" by a Dominican Father. It contains much useful information. Chapter I., Part II., might be read with much profit by a great number of Catholics, for they will learn therefrom that the longer penitents stay away from the Confessional the more necessity there would seem to be for them to approach the Sacrament of Penance properly. For this class particularly the book would be an eye-opener and a help of no slight consequence.

—There is another little book, entitled "Vocations Explained," published by Benziger Brothers, which, if seriously read from cover to cover, would be of incalculable importance to the young person into whose hands it may happen to come. Its price is so small that it comes within the reach of all. To young men especially it is directed, and no young man should enter a profession or business without having first read "Vocations Explained." It supplies what is often omitted in the training of the young, in schools as well as in colleges,—a friendly advice in regard to the choice of a state in life. We warmly recommend it to all, and especially to those whose minds are in doubt as to the course they are to pursue.

—*Emmanuel*, the official monthly of the Priests' Eucharistic League, is a very attractive-looking magazine, published by the General Director of the League for the United States. It is now in its third year, and enjoys a widespread reputation among the clergy. The object

of the League is "to promote devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament for the clergy and people," and *Emmanuel* is an organ that aids substantially in the work. The April number contains several able articles on questions relating to the Eucharist, the first place being given to an allocution (translated) delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Perraud in the Church of Corpus Christi, Paris. Two papers in Latin follow this—one entitled "Meditatio Eucharistica," the other "De Excellētia Sacrificii Missæ." An excellent article on the Holy Eucharist and our interior life is continued from the preceding issue. Besides these, there are also other features of this magazine that demand attention, chief among them being instructions to teachers of Catechism classes.

—In the April number of the *Rosary Magazine*, published in New York City by the Dominican Fathers, there are many able articles, stories and poems by men and women of recognized ability. Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, the genial old bookman of the South, writes an appreciative paper on that great English poet, Alexander Pope. A beautiful poem from the pen of Eleanor C. Donnelly, is "The Easter Truce of Troyes." The martyrdom of St. Peter of Verona is treated of in a rather lengthy paper, which occupies the first place in the present issue. A really beautiful essay is that on "The Hidden Life." The miracles performed through the agency of Our Lady of Boulogne are well described in an article written by Lillian A. B. Taylor. "The Dolors of Mary" and "The Rosary and the Holy Eucharist" are two papers on subjects dear to the Catholic heart. There is a large number of good stories in the present issue, among them being "The Benediction," "A Haven of Rest," and "Dame Silver's Life Story." A very attractive department is that entitled "Children of the Rosary." The prose and verse contained therein can not fail to be of interest to the young folk. Altogether, the *Rosary Magazine* is an excellent periodical, and deserves great credit for the work it is doing for literature, religion and humanity.

—A glance at the *Penman's Art Journal* shows the high degree of excellence to which penmanship may arise. The plates in the April number—and they are many and various—are reproductions of pen work that surpasses anything of its kind that we have seen. The directions to correspondents and to teachers can not but be of great importance in the development of penmanship.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The choir, under Prof. Preston's leadership, is fast becoming as good as those of former years. Last Sunday they sang Flynn's Mass with marked success and deserve great credit for their work.

—For the score in the Michigan game we refer you to the next page. It was a splendid achievement for the Varsity. There is no doubt now of their success in future contests, and the fact that Ann Arbor won from the strong nine of the University of Illinois on the following day has added glory to the brilliant work of the team and has brought confidence to the minds of all of us. More power to your elbows, men of the Varsity!

—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend a reception to the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D., LL. D., given in the Philadelphia Academy of Music Thursday evening, April 22, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop. The SCHOLASTIC respectfully extends greetings to his Grace, and wishes him many years more of honored and faithful service in the cause of the Church and of mankind.

—Catholic editors in general are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to make the Easter number of their papers worthy of the occasion. Among our exchanges in the middle West that deserve special mention for the excellence of their Easter numbers are the *New World* of Chicago, the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland and the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati.

—It would be wrong to allow yourself an extended rest after the heat of the Easter examinations, which are just over. The time is fast nearing when the "odious triples," as they are often called, must be encountered, and not long after come the final examinations. Not, then, for graduates only, but for every student who values his self-respect, is there necessity for earnest work. The future examinations are held important, and your standing may be determined by what is to come. Work, therefore, as you never worked before. Let the end of your year's work be a grand spurt to the goal, where you are sure to win the reward of honest and faithful effort.

—There appears in the current *Scribner's* a sonnet of such fine perfection as would well repay study. It is titled "Cor Peccatrix"—in somewhat strange Latin. The author's name is not given, but we should judge from internal evidence that the poem has been written by a woman. It is so easy to make a mistake in thus ascribing the authorship of a work of art to a member of one or the other of the sexes, that we may be wrong in laying it to the credit of a woman; but, at any rate, a woman's tenderness, a woman's love, a woman's passion, are so truly portrayed therein that it seems impossible to believe it the work of a man. There is indissoluble unity in the poem, there is beauty of thought and of expression, there is almost infinite pathos, there is music,—in one word, it is poetry. The defects of its technique—and even these are few—are hidden by its marvelous qualities. The rime scheme of the octave differs from that of the regular Petrarchan form, and there is a forced rime in it, but you will pardon these imperfections the moment you see them. It is a pleasure of the purest kind to read literature like this and to know that poetry is still produced. To seek to learn the author's name is only idle curiosity; to read and understand the poem is to be charmed.

Notre Dame vs. Michigan.

The baseball season opened most auspiciously on Wednesday last when the Varsity defeated the University of Michigan team by a score of 18 to 3. The game was slow, only seven innings being played in two hours and a half, but nevertheless it was very exciting at times. The home team held a clean, strong game, and held well together at every stage of the game. Gibson's pitching was phenomenal. He struck out six men, and did not allow the Michigan men a single hit. Only one ball went outside the diamond and that was captured by Fleming. He was a trifle wild at times, and gave a great many bases on balls, but he amply made up for this by holding down the hits. He made five assists also, consequently he was directly responsible for the retirement of eleven men at first base. Powers' catch at the home plate in the fifth inning was one of the features of the game, as was Shillington's stop of Ludlow's bounding grounder in the first inning. Altogether, the game but strengthened our faith in the powers of the Varsity, and made us more confident of future victories. The batting of the home team was something wonderful. Sixteen hits were made at a total of forty-eight times at bat. Hering led the batters, making four hits at six times at bat. Powers came next with three hits in five times at bat. It was the worst defeat Michigan has met with this year, and it has put Notre Dame baseball stock away up. The team is steadily improving, and there is no reason why we should not be able to capture the championship. The following is the manner in which the innocents were slaughtered:

Notre Dame came first to bat. Fleming came first to the plate, and was retired on a grounder to Condon. Hering walked to first, and went down to second on a passed ball. Brown flew out to Ludlow. Powers knocked a clean drive over the shortstop's head, and Hering scored. Sheehan muffed the ball when it came from the field, and Powers came home on the error. Daly struck out, retiring the side. Sheehan was Michigan's first man at bat. He knocked a foul which fell into Power's capacious mit. Condon fanned out, and Butler was hit by the ball. Wolf and Ludlow walked. Dreiske came to bat with the bases filled. He knocked a bounding grounder to Shillington. The ball struck something and bounded high over Shillington's head, but he jumped

and captured it. He threw the ball to Hering, who retired the side. Score, 2-0.

Hindel knocked a clean single between first and second base, but was put out in an attempt to steal second. Shillington knocked a grounder to Butler, who fell in stopping it. Before he could recover himself, Shillington was safe on first. Shillington went down to second on a wild pitch, and went to third on Butler's error. MacDonald walked. Gibson knocked the ball to Butler, who threw him out at first. Fleming knocked the ball in front of the plate, and Wehrle threw him out at first. In Michigan's turn, Sullivan walked. Wehrle fanned the air. Cartwright knocked the ball to Shillington, who tossed it to Hering retiring Sullivan. An error by MacDonald allowed Sheehan to make first, and Cartwright to go to second. Condon hit a swift grounder which went between Hering's legs, and Cartwright trotted across the plate. Butler was retired on a hit to Hering, to MacDonald. Score, 2-1.

In the third, Hering made a clean hit over third, and stole second. Brown knocked a skyscraper to Ludlow, who gathered it in. Powers knocked a grounder over second base and brought in Hering. Daly knocked a pop up which was killed by Wolf. Powers went to second on an error, and to third on a wild pitch, but he died there, for Hindel was an easy out. Wolf was given his base on balls, but, not knowing Powers' reputation as a base thrower, he attempted to steal second and was retired. Ludlow failed to connect with Gibson's twisters. Dreiske was struck by a ball and walked. He succeeded in stealing second, but got no farther. Sullivan walked, and Wehrle flew out to Fleming, retiring the side. Score, 3-1.

The fourth was a regular slaughter. Shillington got to first on Wolf's error, stole second and went down to third on Butler's failure to hold the ball. MacDonald drove a grounder down the third base line, and before Shillington could get back to the base Sullivan had captured it. Then Shillington see-sawed between two fires for a time, but was at last touched out by Wehrle, MacDonald in the meantime making first base. MacDonald stole second by a narrow margin. Gibson walked. MacDonald stole third, and it was only due to luck that he was not put out. Gibson went down to second and both he and MacDonald came home on Fleming's hot grounder between first and second base. Hering knocked a pretty two bagger and brought in Fleming. Brown knocked a safe skyscraper and went down to second,

reaching there in safety owing to Butler's error. Powers knocked a hot grounder through the third baseman, and Hering and Brown came home. Daly was hit by a ball. Hindel knocked a clean single, which brought in Powers and put Daly on third. Hindel went to second. Shillington was thrown out at first. MacDonald knocked out a scorching grounder, and Daly and Hindel raced home. Gibson got first on balls, but Dreiske's capture of Fleming's skyseraper retired the side. Cartwright struck out. Sheehan got his base on balls, but with the assistance of Brown and Gibson, MacDonald retired Michigan before the acquaintance of third base had been made. Score, 11-1.

In the fifth Hering started the ball to rolling by knocking a safe hit in the direction of the shortstop. Brown made a sacrifice to Condon and advanced Hering to second. Powers made first on Sullivan's error, and followed Hering across the plate when Daly sent the ball between first and second for a single. Daly made a pretty steal to second and gained third in like manner. Hindel drove out a long fly to Cartwright who easily captured it. Shillington knocked a slow ball; before it could be fielded he was safe on first, and Daly had come home. Shillington stole second, being almost worn out by false alarms due to MacDonald's numerous fouls. MacDonald was unable to find the ball safely, and walked to first. Gibson knocked a grounder to Sullivan who touched third, retiring Shillington and the side. Wolf and Ludlow walked to first and got to second and third on Gibson's wild throw. Dreiske struck out, and Sullivan drove a liner out to Shillington who captured it, and tried to throw Wolf out at third, but threw wild; and before Brown could capture the ball Wolf raced across the plate and Ludlow followed from third. Brown threw to Powers who made a wonderful catch and recovery, and attempted to touch out Ludlow. However, the ball was knocked from Powers' hand. Ludlow scored, and one of the prettiest plays seen on the local diamond in some time was of no avail. Any other player would not have been able to handle the ball in time, and that Powers did not hold the ball should detract nothing from his excellent play. Wehrle got to first on Brown's error, but got no further, as Cartwright knocked an easy one to Gibson who threw him out at first. Score, 11-3.

In the sixth inning Michigan put Keith in the box, but he was hit as much as Sheehan had been. Fleming got his base on balls. Hering

knocked a grounder to Keith and was put out at first. Fleming stole second and came home on Brown's two bagger to right field. Powers knocked a hot one to the infield, but Condon was off his base and Powers made first. Brown got to third on Butler's error and came home on Daly's sacrifice, while Powers went to third. Hindel knocked a pop up to Condon and Michigan went to bat. Keith led off by bunting, but Gibson quickly fielded the ball and threw him out at first. Condon walked. Butler flew out to Hering, and Wolf knocked an easy one to Gibson who threw to first, retiring the side. Score, 16-3.

In the seventh Shillington was thrown out at first by Wolf. MacDonald knocked to Keith who retired him. Gibson got his base on balls and stole second. Fleming knocked a two bagger to left field, bringing in Gibson. Hering knocked the ball over second base and brought in Fleming. Brown knocked a grounder to Wolf who retired the side by throwing Brown out at first. Ludlow walked. Dreiske struck out; Sullivan went out to Gibson to MacDonald, while Ludlow went down to second. Wehrle made first base on Shillington's error. Cartwright knocked a grounder to Shillington, who made a neat throw to MacDonald. The Gold and the Blue went to the peak, and the defeat of two years ago was avenged.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, l. f.	6	3	2	0	1	0	0
Hering, 2d. b.	6	4	4	0	4	1	1
Brown, 3d. b.	6	2	2	1	0	1	1
Powers (Capt.), c.	5	3	3	0	7	1	0
Daly, c. f.	5	2	1	1	0	0	0
Hindel, r. f.	5	1	2	0	0	0	0
Shillington, s. s.	5	0	1	0	1	3	2
MacDonald, 1st. b.	5	1	1	0	8	0	1
Gibson, p.	5	2	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	48	18	16	2	21	11	6

MICHIGAN	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sheehan, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Condon, 1st b.	4	0	0	1	12	0	0
Butler, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	4
Wolf, s. s.	4	1	0	0	1	2	1
Ludlow, r. f.	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Drieske, l. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, 3d. b.	4	0	0	0	1	2	1
Wehrle, c.	4	0	0	0	3	2	1
Cartwright, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	1	1
Keith, p.	1	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	36	3	0	1	21	10	9

Earned runs, Notre Dame, 16; Michigan, 0. 2 Base hits, Powers, Hering, Brown, Fleming. Bases stolen, Fleming, MacDonald, 3; Hering, 2; Shillington, 2; Powers, 2; Daly, 2; Gibson, 2; Hindel, Wolf, Butler, Dreiske. Bases on called balls, off Sheehan, 4; Keith, 2; Gibson, 10. Hit by pitcher, Butler, Dreiske, Daly. Struck out by Gibson, 6; by Sheehan, 2. Passed balls, Wehrle. Wild pitches, Sheehan, 2. Time, 2:45. Umpire, Cross.

Exchanges.

In the last number of the *Owl* the editor of that paper gives his excuse for not publishing an exchange column. His plea is that there is too much work and not enough profit in the conducting of such a column. We can hardly agree with the editor of the *Owl* upon this question, for our experience has proven to us that there is much of profit and pleasure to be derived from the management of an exchange column. Besides the advantage of an exchange of criticism, the exchange column puts different colleges into closer touch with one another, and usually engenders friendly feelings between different institutions. There can be no doubt but that an exchange editor is able to derive a great deal of pleasure from his office. We would have missed much if we had not been able to follow up the merry war of words which the doughty ex-men of the *Niagara Index* and the *Abbey Student* have been waging for some time past. It is interesting to watch their pleasant exchange of personalities, and one's vocabulary of invectives is much increased if strict attention be paid to the language of the contestants. Then again, it is delightful to have "a malicious dagger" aimed at you by some irate and blood-thirsty critic whom you have vexed. Self-knowledge is always interesting, and we would not think of preventing other ex-men from expressing their opinions of ourselves and our paper even though the opinion be couched in strong and uncomplimentary language. Furthermore an exchange column furnishes an excellent means for the study of human nature. A very correct opinion of the character of an ex-man can be determined by a study of the manner in which he answers the just criticism of a contemporary. If he takes the criticism in the proper spirit and strives to correct the fault, we at once know that he is a man in every sense of the word, and that he has an abundance of good common-sense. Whereas, if he answers a criticism of himself or his paper by hurling a load of abuse at the honest critic we can set him down as being of a calibre approaching nonentity.

* * *

We miss the *Brunonian* from our weekly batch of exchanges. We have enjoyed the visits of the *Brunonian* so much in the past that it is very conspicuous by its absence. We trust it may soon resume its weekly visits.

With Our Friends.

—Mr. Montague (student '95) was present at the game on Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. McMahon, of Cadillac, were among the Easter week guests.

—Mr. Weadock of Saginaw, Michigan, spent Sunday with his two sons, George and Leo.

—Mr. McBride, of Chicago, spent Easter Sunday with his sons of the Minim Department.

—Mrs. R. W. Massey, of Cadillac, Mich., paid a very enjoyable visit to her son Winter, of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. P. L. Garrity and her daughter Miss Maud of Chicago, were very welcome visitors during the past few days.

—Clarence Leib, of Brownson Hall, entertained his mother and other relatives on Easter Sunday and Monday.

—John R. Naughton (student '95-'96), of Chicago, was the guest of the University during the early part of the week.

—Mr. W. Ellwanger (Com'l '92), accompanied by his wife, spent Easter visiting the friends and scenes of his student days.

—Mr. and Mrs. Monarch and their son Dan, of Owensboro, Ky., paid a most enjoyable visit to Martin Monarch, of Carroll Hall, on Easter Sunday.

—Mr. Thos. McNichols, a sheriff of Chicago, was a most welcome visitor at Easter when he visited his sons, Frank of Brownson Hall and William of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. Joseph Gerardi, of St. Louis, Mo., was recently the welcome guest of her son Louis, of Brownson Hall. During her brief stay she made many friends at Notre Dame.

—Albert J. Galen, LL. B., '96, was here for the Michigan game on Wednesday last, and at the same time he visited his many friends among the students of the past couple of years.

—Mr. Frank M. Roesing (student '91-'95), who is now continuing his studies in one of the Eastern colleges, delighted his many friends at Notre Dame by a visit during the past week.

—Among our most welcome visitors during Easter week were Miss Edna Reuss and Miss Rose Fox, who were the guests of their brothers of Carroll and Brownson Halls, also Miss Constance Heller, who was the guest of Mr. C. M. Wurzer. All of the young ladies were from Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Mrs. Henry Hake, of Grand Rapids, was the welcome guest of her brothers, Edward and Louis, and of many other friends at the University on Wednesday last. Her visit was most enjoyable to her friends at the University, who trust that she may visit us in the very near future, and that she may be able to stay with us longer the next time.

Local Items.

—**LOST.**—The top of a bicycle bell. Finder, please return it to W. T. Lovell, St. Edward's Hall.

—The Brother in charge of the Sorin reading-room requests those who are back in their dues to pay up at once.

—“Sans Gêne” announced his literary suicide last week, so we shall let his little fling at the “Locals” pass. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

—**LOST.**—On Brownson campus, Thursday afternoon, a briar pipe. Finder, please return to Charles J. Piquette, room 30, Sorin Hall.

—Several of the students spent Easter visiting friends out of the city, while many others entertained their parents at the University during the joyous season.

—The competitions began yesterday, and will be continued through the last class hour this evening. There was no lack of preparation for these examinations, and the results which will appear in the bulletin marks should be satisfactory.

—Englewood High School will be here Monday afternoon to play the Varsity on Brownson campus. The Chicago school enjoys the reputation of sending out to the different colleges the best players in the West, and they may bring some with them who will surprise the Notre Dame men.

—The Tennis Club at a meeting held last week elected the following officers: President, Wm. R. Miller; Vice-President, Louis Fadeley; Secretary, Louis C. M. Reed; Treasurer, Louis H. Gerardi. Owing to the large membership of the club, it was found necessary to erect another court. The club now numbers twenty-four.

—A new march for the piano, composed by Professor Preston, will soon be issued, and will be found on sale at the Students' Office. It is to be entitled the “University March,” and will be found to be the best work of its kind that has come from the Professor's fertile pen. A detailed description of the music and the appearance of the publication will appear in our next issue.

—The counterfeit presentments of the reporter staff will appear next month. Our sanctum has been deluged with requests for the pictures of the “hustlers” for news. Our only excuse for not appearing sooner is that we have been diligently searching for “startling announcements.” Tomorrow will be Sunday!

—**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.**—On Saturday, April the 18th, there disappeared from the table a lean, callow youth about six feet in height, having an abnormal appetite and answering to the name of Lan Johnnders. When last seen he was at the domicile of Slivers, Boze & Co., engaged in eating pie. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thank-

fully received at the erudites' table by The Head.

—The inclement weather of Thursday noon made little difference to three bus-loads of jolly Brownsonites, who donned their mackintoshes, and started out with Brother Hugh for an afternoon of fun. And from reports, they had it. First they went to Nickel's, where covers were laid for thirty-five. Then they made a tour of South Bend, and later in the day proceeded to Mishawaka; and after an hour or so spent in the little city returned home. All report a splendid time.

—The reorganized Fire Department was seen on Thursday for the first time, and presented a good appearance. A test of the new “Siamese” coupler was made in front of the main building. A beautiful arch of water, sixty feet high, was then formed with the two streams, which the laddies played on the roof of Music Hall. The department has now a membership of sixteen, and is stationed north of the Infirmary in the new hose house, which is almost completed.

—The man that kills and cures the meat that supports our existence (he is tall and stout and wears a thick, reddish beard) was in the act of transferring a young calf from a wagon to the place appointed for his slaughter when a strange thing happened. Evidently the lively animal anticipated the butcher's deed and registered a strong kick against any such intermeddling with his affairs. The result was that the man was completely downed and the calf stood over him with a smile of mercy.

—The “High Moguls” defeated the Saint Joseph Hall team Thursday afternoon by a score of 17 to 7. The Moguls got onto Kelly's curves early in the game and pounded the ball all over the field. Here is the way the teams lined up: Moguls—Hesse, 3 b.; Wilson, 2 b.; McNichols, s. s.; Martin, 1 b.; Grady, r. f.; Herman, c.; Duperier, l. f.; Ellison, c. f.; McCarrick, p. St. Joseph's—Neville, 3 b.; Lyons, 2 b.; Sauter, s. s.; Jones, 1 b.; Dorian, r. f.; Sullivan, c.; Carrollton, l. f.; Dulin, c. f.; Kelly, p.

—The University Stock Company are busy in rehearsing their plays. The date set for the performance is Wednesday, May 5. Tickets will be out early next week so that all may have an opportunity to get them in time. As the proceeds are to be given to the Athletic Association, and as the manager of the Company assures us that the afternoon's entertainment will be a most enjoyable one, everybody should procure a ticket. Don't wait until the last moment, or you may miss the chance of being present.

—We doubt if there can be found anywhere a prettier or more complete tonsorial establishment than that located at Notre Dame and conducted by Mr. Henry Heller of South Bend. The old room in the gym, so long the refuge of the long-haired student, has been torn away and the pleasant proprietor, always eager for improvement, has fitted out, at considerable

expense, a most perfect little shop in one of the rooms just off the Brownson reading-rooms. The students now find it a pleasure to wait for the familiar call: "Next."

—There was an extraordinary activity among our local photographers during the week. Kodaks, kodets, cameras and camerets, and a host of other instruments before which a smile is a necessity, were brought out; and now the common opening for a conversation is "Let's see your picture. Who took it?" A photographer from South Bend was out Thursday principally to get pictures of the Varsity nine. He is the same gentleman who took so many pictures last year. If some one could get a good picture of Vic there would be an instant demand for it.

—Seldom have the Minims had such opportunities for thorough mental and religious enjoyment as on two occasions last week when Dr. O'Malley talked to them on the scenes, the facts and the poetry of the Passion. Dr. O'Malley illustrated his talks by referring to a large map of Palestine, wherein the places which Christ sanctified by His presence were pointed out in connection with the subject. His lectures were in effect an excursion in the Way of the Cross, filled with allusions that were poetic and hence charming. The Minims and their teachers, who were present on both occasions, enjoyed to the full the treat given them, and they wish to thank Dr. O'Malley through the medium of the SCHOLASTIC for his great kindness.

—Yesterday was the eighteenth anniversary of the "big fire of '79," which swept away all the College buildings and destroyed all the accumulations of years of patient labor and devoted service. It is hard to realize that from the ruins and ashes of that time arose all the magnificent edifices which make the Notre Dame, of the present. Yet this is the fact; and when we consider the priceless treasures of art and the invaluable bibliographical collections and scientific equipments that fill the halls of Notre Dame today—all gathered through the tireless energy and loving care of a band of men devoted to the cause of Catholic education, but destitute of settled financial endowments, our wonder is increased, and our admiration grows for the Church which fosters and encourages such labor.

—Some of our readers were misled by an item which appeared in these columns three weeks ago. Owing to an error it was made to appear that after having certain colors for fifty-three years Notre Dame would change them in order to make the work of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association easier in purchasing uniforms for the different athletic teams. Notre Dame will not change her colors. They are the colors of the Blessed Virgin and the Pope—sky blue and gold. The Executive Committee has no power to change them.

They may adopt certain colors for athletic uniforms, and we believe they talked over the matter at a meeting held three weeks ago, though we find they came to no definite conclusion, notwithstanding the statement of one of the committee to our reporter to the contrary. The College colors are still the same, and those who wear navy blue and old gold are merely showing their loyalty to our baseball nine.

—It was strict discipline that formed the nine which faced Michigan last Wednesday and careful attention to the coach's instructions that made the defeat so overwhelming. Just as soon as there comes a relaxation in discipline, or a disposition to "talk back," then we may look out for a disintegration of the Varsity baseball club. The experience of past years was too costly and is still too fresh in our memory to permit any falling off in the discipline which was inaugurated this year. Two years ago Ann Arbor defeated us by a score of 13 to 0, and last year Champaign chased one another around the bases twenty-three times, and it was only due to the "rooters" that we got any runs at all. Nor were these the only games we lost. Such clubs as the Senators, Rush Medical and Saint Ignatius simply laughed at us, though the latter did not finally win. With all due credit to the teams of the past it must be acknowledged (if we except the clubs of '86-'87-'88) that the nine this year is eminently superior to them; and this has come about by careful coaching. Every loyal son of Notre Dame, therefore, should support Mr. Hering in his efforts to send out representative athletic teams for the Gold and Blue. Those who put themselves in opposition to the present method of conducting athletics are malcontents and disturbers, and are unworthy to be classed as students of Notre Dame.

—The *South Bend Tribune*, in its report of last Wednesday's game, applies the epithet of "semi-professional" to the Notre Dame baseball club. It cannot be that the writer would knowingly wish to do our University an injustice, so we must infer that his use of the term is due to a lack of knowledge of what constitutes an amateur and what makes a professional in college athletics. It is something quite apart from "previous experience," though the *Tribune* seems to have no other reason for stamping us as semi-professional. It is simply puerile ignorance to leave it to be inferred that, because three of last year's players are on the team this year, and because Powers chose to come to Notre Dame to continue his studies instead of remaining at Holy Cross College, these men should be called professionals. If the *Tribune* will take the trouble to inquire into the matter it will find that all the members of our team are regularly enrolled students and doing regular work in all the classes of their courses.

It may be well to correct another error into which the *Tribune* has unwittingly fallen. Powers, the catcher, is not a coach but the captain of the team. A little more care in writing reports and making comments will make the accounts of games hereafter in the *Tribune* more veracious and consequently less offensive. The *South Bend Daily Times* has an interesting account of the game.

—The brickwork on the north wing of the additions to Sorin Hall has been completed almost to the second floor. Already the minds of the anxious ones in Brownson Hall are filled with large-sized oil-paintings and lithographs of cozy rooms, with *her* picture on the onyx table in the corner, German pipes on the walls, Gold and Blue pennants hanging from the ceiling, and a quiet corner filled with textbooks. The average present-day Sorinite has visions like these, too; but there is always a large, unpleasant number like 148 or 165 floating through the picture. The students of Saint Joseph's Hall will also have a comfortable residence next September. Work will be begun on their new hall in a short time, which will be erected at the southwest corner of the present Saint Joseph's campus. Brother Boniface promises the students of his hall that the new dormitory will be second to none at Notre Dame. When these buildings are completed it will be difficult to recognize the western part of the college grounds.

—Over in Science Hall on Wednesday evening last the officers and men of the Notre Dame Cadets were treated to a delightful lecture by Colonel William Hoynes on the important battles and incidents of the Civil War. Colonel Hoynes has entertained Notre Dame audiences before with his interesting war reminiscences, but Wednesday night he even surpassed his former efforts in this line. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views of the great battles of the war, and these added also to the success of the evening's entertainment. The slides are the property of Professor Green, and were kindly loaned by him for the lecture. Most of the views were taken from celebrated paintings of important events of the Rebellion, and all of them were interesting. The first picture shown upon the wall showed Fort Sumter under fire, and this was followed by scenes from all the great battles in regular order until the last slide was reached—the surrender of General Lee. As each battle was presented, the lecturer spoke of the incidents of the fight, and was often able to recall personal experiences while fighting for Old Glory. The lecture was very much appreciated, and the young soldiers present wish to return sincere thanks to Colonel Hoynes and Professor Green for a very pleasant evening. It is hoped that the whole student body will be able to hear Colonel Hoynes' lecture and to see the views at an early date.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Geoghegan, Lantry, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Pulskamp, Reardon, Rosenthal, Reilly, Sullivan, Sanders, Steiner.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. Browne, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Brucker, Bouwens, Boze, Baloun, Bombersbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Campbell, Cypher, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, J. Cavanaugh, Dreher, M. Daly, Dowd, Donovan, J. Daly, Desmond, Davis, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, J. Hesse, Hay, Henry, Hindel, Hurst, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Kuerze, Koehler, Lyons, Landers, T. Lowery, F. Lutz, C. Lieb. Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, Maurus, Massey, Martin, T. Monahan, McCormack, C. Murphy, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, M. O'Shaughnessey, Pickett, Putnam, Paras, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, Shillington, San Roman, Scheubert, Thams, H. Taylor, Tong, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, J. Wimberg, Wade, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, Wilson,

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ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abercrombie, Abrahams, Arnold, Atkinson, Beardslee, C. Bode, F. Bode, Bosworth, Butler, Burton, Blanchfield, Casparis, Clarke, Cotter, Cowie, Coquillard, Cressy, Craig, Crawford, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dessauer, Dougherty, Ebbert, Engelmann, Ervin, Edgerton, Ellis, Fetter, Frost, Freeman, Frain, Fleischer, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Hinsey, Jonquet, R. Kasper, Kelly, Lawton, Lovell, Leisander, Leclerque, P. Manion, E. Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McConnell, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, S. Monahan, E. Monahan, McMaster, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Moore, Paul, A. Phillips, F. Phillip, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Rees, Rennolds, Ryan, Redpath, Robbins, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Seymour, Tillotson, Trentman, L. Van Sant, R. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, G. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, Wilde, Weber, Wigg.